THE APPOINTMENT.

Tis late; the astronomer in his lonely bright, Exploring all the dark, descrice after Orbs that site takes of distant splender are, And mornings whitesting in the infinite. Like winnersed grain the worlds go by in flight,

Crewincowed grain the worlds go by in High, Or swarm in gillstening spaces mobilin. He summans one disheveled wandering star: "Resum ten conturies hence on such a night." The star will come. It days not by one hour Cheat science or fately her calculation. Men will have passed, but watchful in the tower Man shall remain in despless contemplation; And should all man have perished there in turn, Truth in their place would watch the star's re-turn.

#### A WILD NIGHT RIDE.

At 9 o'clock one September evening in 1976 I took the coach which left Coster City-or Conter village, for the town consisted of twenty or thirty leg structure—to go to Sidney, Neb. A coach I suppose it should be d, though on the plains this vehicle, which has the driver's seat on the same level as the passengers' seats, is called a "back."

I had gone to the "Hills" to engage in mining, but after four months of prospecting had decided to open a general supply store at the bank, new town of Deadwood, and was on my way A se to Omain to purchase goods for the venture.

A tin lamp, fastened in one corner of the

"hack," discovered to me two passengers hack with the other. Then he leaned out and within as I entered and took my sent. One glanced back. within as I entered and took my sema within as I entered and took my sema was an old gentleman, apparently weak and fill, for, although it was not a cold night, gallop—they were animals which needed no urging—kept to the road, and the cool headed was not nitched out. coat. Moreover, such of his face as I could see between a grey beard, which almost covered it, and the rim of a stouch hat, was pale and thin, and the eyes looked sunken and ungetting on their horses. They've killed the matural. At least, so they struck me at a

The other passenger was a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three years, I judged, decliedly dandified in his dress for that reion. He wore a still but and a stand up collar encircled by a next tie, and bad on a dark suit, evidently custem made, which was an unusual "get up" for that region, and one which at once aroused my suspicion, for the only persons I knd such about the mining towns dressed in anything like that fashion were gamblers, a class of men I had made it

Just before setting out the driver came to the silw of the vehicle, throst in a light Win-chester carbins and placed is between my

'I see you didn't have no gun," said he, "an' I keep a couple of extra ones fer sech."
That was all. No further explanation was

I took charge of the weapon, although I was as little expert in its use as I was in handling the Smith & Wesson in my hip pocket, s, indeed, I had never ducharged

I knew enough of life in the mines to know that the "bad man with a gun" is usually the man who gets into difficulty rather than the penceable and unarmed citizen; but a singe ride from Custer to Sidney at that time was a trip not altogether likely to be without its adventures, and for once I re-gretted my unfamiliarity with "shooting

It occurred to me that if we were "jumped ly rond agunts," as the phrase went, the frebooters of the route would have little to fear from the occupants of the back, whether they got much money or not. There were usually me sort in the fron box under tue driver's spat.

The young man who sat opposite me had a carbine across his hip, but I fancied he knew even less of its use than I did. As we started he sat without noticing me, twirling a slight mustache and humming a tune. "A fresh gumester, if one at all," I said to myself

upon a second look at him. The old man had no arms in sight. The

Bolts in Any event As we realist up into Buffalo Gap I had a few words of conversation with my companions. I learned that the chier was an Iowa farmer, who had come out to see what he could do in the new mines, but he had been fill with mountain fever, and afterward attacked by rhounalism, so that he had been within twenty-five or thirty yards, and, rescaled by rhounalism so that he had been is we rolled up futo Buffalo Gap I had a tacked by rhaumatism, so that he had been forced to abandon his projects and return to the east. He spoke freely, and in the careless Euclish of we tern men

"Neb Yawk," he uronounced it. He was, he said, a similant of mining engineerfine, but he did not mention what his business had been in that region; but that was not trange, for we could not talk much. A joiling stage bowling over a rough country at ics an hour does not give the best opportunity for conversation.

I soon became sleepy, and leaning back in my corner took such momentary ext maps as the nature of the road permitted. At II g'clock we made a brief hult at a temporary stage station, where the driver's four-in-hand team was exchanged for fresh horses.

I peoped out and got a glimps of the teams of two men with lauterns, of a low structure of sod or adobe faintly outlined, and of the black sade of a pine covered mountain beyond. The night was quite dark, with floating cloudand no meen. It became somewhat lighter as we passed out of the gap a little later, as I noted through a crack in the swaying "flap"

The road was now smoother, and I sattled back in my corner, as my companion had done, to get a little solid sleep if possible. 1 dozed off for a time, but was awakened by the greening of the old man beside me. He s smed to be in great pain, and writted about pervously. I asked him what was the fromble He repired that the rhenmatism in his legs

early killing bim I wish the driver'd let me sout we git to th' nex' crick. He'll water likely, 'n' I've jest got i' stretch my legs er die. Ye ees I'm troubled with crusup rheumstiam, an' th' sight no room in hyer to' git the cramp out o'

ing legs."
I told him I would speak to the driver when we halted, a few minutes later, at the bank of a stream-White river, I behave. I thrust my bead out at the side and saked that the

old gentleman might be let out for a moment to stretch his legs.
"All right" wild the driver, as be clam-

### "Puzzled The Doctors."

ever, and with satisfactory results.

E. M. Sargent, Lowell, Mass , says ; -"Several years ago, my daughter brokes out with large series on her hands, face, and other parts of her body. The case puzzled the dectors. My daughter used Ayer's Satsaparilla, and it resulted

since taking this medicine. "This is to certify that after having this is to certify that after having been sick for twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and having been treated by several physicians without relief, I am now better in every respect, and think I am nontry well, having taken seven buttles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla"—Maria Ludwigsen, Albert Lin Maria

# Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Dr. J. C. Fyer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prior of a stocknotties, ga. Worth Give bottle,

person down from his own seat. "I'm goin' ter oncheck 'n' let the houses take a pull at th

I then belped the old man to dismount steadying him by the arm as he got down his seemed to have a good deal of difficulty in alighting, and groaned in a most lugubrious fashion. The flap awang to after him, as Ehad unbuttened it all around to let him out. The young man opposite me lay curled up on his seat, but I could see that his eyes were wide open, and that he was eying me with a sharp, keen glance. My eyes probably re-sponded when they fell upon his, for he straightened up in an elect fashion and leaned

"Say," he whispered, "do you think that eld chap's all right? Strikes me that groan-ing of his was put on. What d'ye think?" The question startled me no test than the poung fellow's manner, and I was about to make some reply when a gun or pistol shot rung in our ears, followed by a yell either of pain or surprise, and a lurch of the back threw me forward against my companion's

Either the shot or the yell had started our team, and we went down the bank and into ened. the stream with a lungs. I heard shots-one two, three-as we spleaded through the water.

Then more yells, loud and fierce.

My notion of what had happened or what was happening was confused for a moment, and then I saw my comrade—for the light still burned-crawling through to the driver's reat as we went careening up the opposite

A second later he had gathered the lines, which were tied in front, and while he held them with one hand he grasped a rib of the

driver, I guess, and are after us now."

With that he gathered up the long lashed whip, which lay in the boot, and, dropping upon his knees, began yelling and laying the whip upon the team.

In a moment we were going at a fearful pace, and despite the excitement and fright of the moment I noticed that our four horses came to hand and ran with a steady, even guit, which did credit to the young man's

driving.
"Get ready for 'em now!" he screamed back at me, "they'll be down on us in a minute. Open the back flap 'n' pour it into 'em with your guns, and when they're empty get mine under the seat!"

He was my captain as well as driver, and I obeyed instinctively, for I certainly had formed no plan of defense or action on my

I managed to unbutton and roll up the leather behind, and poering out, on my knees before the back seat, I saw that we were indeed followed. It was light enough to distinguish objects dimly at a hundred yards, and there were at least five borsemen in our rear, tearing along at the top of their animals' speed. Knowing that they were within rifle shot, I opened fire on them over the seat. I worked the lever of my gun as rapfuly as I could, but made awkward business of It. Presently I got a shell stuck and began trying to get it out. In the meantime They were within fifty yards before I could get out my shell, and I was too excited to

think of using another gun. Suddenly the light in the back went out and a hand upon my shoulder jerked me backward. Then a voice yelled in my ear: "Let me get at them! Lead the gues for me 'n' let the team go. We might 's well smash as be riddled with bullets. Here-

here's two boxes of certridges." I dropped back to the other sent and gave place to him. He threw his carbines over the

back of the hind seat and began firing. It seemed to me that a steady stream of fire poured out of the back of the stage, and before I had filled the magazine of my gun arriver no disubt regarded him as out of the his was empty. He snatched mine, however,

and thrust his own back to me, spreading out, opened fire on us,

"Keep close down in the bottom!" shouted my comrade as he kept on with his firing. The "road agents" did not come nearer, evidently fearing too great exposure to the stream of shots from the back, and my courago rose to something near the level of my companion's. I caught glimpers, as I glanced up now and then, of a plunging horseman, with shadowy, outstretched arm, from which flashed blaze after blaze of light,

All at once we began descending into a gully, and the back bounced from side to side so violently that it was impossible for us to do anything but cling to the sides of the box. "It's all right!" rang my companion's voice in my ear, shortly after we had begun the descent; "they've quit. They can't ride along the side of the gulch and daren't follow straight behind. There's a stage ranch below, o. I remember the read."

Sure enough the men had dropped back and the shots and ceased. My cool, brave comrade now clambered over me, and in some way got into the front seat of the jumping A moment later I noticed that a vere slowing up and running more steadily. ive minutes more and we balted -what was elt of us-sule and sound in front of a stare

Our story was soon told, our horses exchanged, and a fresh driver, doubly armed, put with us. Euch little accidents did not

There was no danger, they told us, from left promised to go immediately and look af-

It was only the darkness and the motion of se vehicle and horses that had saved us from being hit. We found several builet marks about the coach next morning. One of them, well aimed, had gone through the back seat at an angle and into the front, and night have passed directly between us. My respect or my young comrade was greatly raised by the event of that might, and was further in creased by an after acquaintance which dis-

overed his real modesty and worth. On my return to the "Hills" I learned that our driver had been picked up at the crossing of the cross badly wounded, and also that the brave fellow had yelled to the team to go the ery second be was bit. He had been carried vas, of course, a ruscal in league with the and who attacked as - Youth's Companion.

He Dombeck

"Why don't you eat, Mr. Bliven!" said that oung mun's landindy. "You seem in doubt door something,"

"What is it!" "I can't make up my mind whether that is a very small piece of steak or whother the of loser. At Tamesvar, Hongary, recently, servant simply forget to wash the plate."——sever-i people combined to "beat the wheel."

A Pascinating Game.

cinia, "asked Miss Smarker, gushingly, "Well," and Jones, carelessly, "we have bowling and pool, and billiards.

"I don't know much about bowling or pool," broke in Miss Smarker, "but billiards is that dear, delightful game where they have kissing, isn't its'—Yemowine's News.

A Tragedy of Errors. "Did you marry for love or money?"

when to have very must."

"We adding of usever had any. She got for these index. A woman's reputation is a judgment media in the index of prompts and it was thought or pay, and I had to marry. "I drawn's World,"

In marry. "I drawn's World,"

THE LADY WHO RIDES ASTRIDE.

deep regret to the many friends of Miss Ma-bel Jenness, who know her to be a young woman of the greatest refinement and not at all a sensationalist, as well as to herself, that she should be presented, through a misunder standing of her present position toward the much discussed "Riding Question," as a per-

proved physical conditions. During the past winter she has been a regular attendant at a well known riding school for exercise, and has always sat her horse in the conventional manner and costume. Watching the class constantly it dawned upon her mind that the present method of women riding sidewise vas attended with difficulties, leaving one set of muscles completely inert. Again, a one sided development of the body is a natural side; the right leg becomes affected and weak-



A fall from her horse, caused by her riding habit, finally decided her to practice her theory of riding astride. Accordingly one Monday afternoon, at an hour when she knew no class would be present, she went to the Riding academy, and, in a divided bicycle gown, mounted her horse astride. There were present the riding master and four ladies, all friends of Miss Jenness. Though she mounted bur horse with ease, she rode, as was natural, with difficulty. The saddle was large and clumsy as, perhaps, all men's sud-dles are, but her divided bicycle gown fell in graceful folds to her feet, and the appearance from the side was that which is presented by

the ordinary equestrienne.

As Miss Jenness rode around the ring the riding muster gave us his views upon her appearance and style of horsemanship.

"She looks well," said be; "better than she does the other way, but she doesn't feel so well. The easiest way in the world to ride," continued the riding master, "is the woman's way, provided a woman knows how to sit "But," interposed one of Miss Jenness'

companions, "doesn't the fashionable feminine way of riding always on one side produce a one sided figure?" "Undoubtedly," replied this wise teacher of horsemanship; "undoubtedly it does, if one rides much; but every woman ought to

learn as my pupil Miss Brackett did and rate Tant would necessitate two saddles, but the results attained would more than compensate for the trouble and ex-"Don't you think it's a modest way to ride?" timidly inquired one of the ladies.

and you won't get women to take to it," cally assented as she disraounted from her horse and somewhat stilly ascended the stairs | however, the two were brought together a to the dresding room, but she was still un-shaken in her conviction that the present way M. D. essayed to squelch the old man with of riding was incorrect upon physiological

The ubiquitous reporter got hold of Miss Jenness' secret through her riding master, and after be was interviewed Miss Jenness

turn came, She could not deny that she had ridden estride, and ready minds leaped to quick con- this case?" clusions. Miss Jenness is represented as not only proficient in the art of riding "across " but her style of babit is scribed, whereas, in truth, the only habit she owns is of the conventional type. Exactly what she would wear should she innovate a new custom of equestrianism is an much an unsolved problem in her mind as her next winter's carriage costume. astride, she certainly would have to wear a hifurcated garment, and no doubt could evolve from her fertile brain a costume at

once artistic and hygienic; but she has at Lewiston Journal. present other matters under consideration. She is not afruid of those prades, either masculine or feminine, who hold up their hands in horror at the idea of a woman's presuming to depart from established customs. she will be well established in her own mind s to the feasibility of any course she adopts

before she posses before the world as authority If Miss Jenness should ultimately decide to ride astride, she will not, see has been intimated, advertise the date of her appearance

Smokeless Powder Stands a Test.

Smokeless powder may benesforth be regarded as the chief explosive for use in war. it was given a thorough test, and the results factory. The day was bright and clear, the ground firm and the conditions favorable for the employment of all the taptics used in the onduct of a sham battle. Infantry comnames, concealed in the brush, poured a rapid re upon their opponents without disclosing their whereabouts, while troops in the open could not conceal their movements under the customary clouds of smoke. "Villaipons saltpeter" has had its day. The emokeless powder hat succeeds it promises to be a more effective and less apparent instrument of destruc In Which the Awful Experience of a Be-

A Lettery Mulcted by Swindlers. Any one who gets the better of a lottery or other gambling device must be a very o person, but recent developments show that ven a lottery can be forced to play the role Their plot proved successful and they drew a prize of 1,000,000 florins. But cantion essaed when they got the cash, and the officers of the laws toped down upon the conspirators. At the subsequent wish they were all sen-

tenced to terms of penal servitude.

The Typewriters. The life of the young women who are engaged as stenographers and typewriters is not made any easier for the rather stupid jokes on them in the press. The innocent, constive girl must shrink from the comments upon herself and her usbers written in a spirit of levity. She should be honored for choosing an independent existence, rather than be "Well, wrat's become of it? You never a charge on some one eye. There should be

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A Shark That Was Hungry.

The funnicat thing out happened to me on the last passage to Honelulu. It happened this way: We have a patent self registering log. Two register is attached to the taffrail and the propeller is towed astern. We had about 300 feet of line out. It was just about seven boils and the Bessie was going about six knots. Fresently the log line became as taut as a wire stay and there was a terrible flurry near the propeller. I happened to be on deck and, seeing the trouble, ran to the taffrail. What do you think I saw? Why, I'm blamed if a great big blue shark hadn't swallowed the propeller! I called some hands aft and we started to hanl in the line.

There were seven hands pulling on the line beside myself, and yet we had a hard time pulling the fish in. But, by thunder, sir, we hauled 280 feet of that line in until the shark was right under our counter. He was quite thirty feet long and in a terrible rage, lashing the water into fcom. We were just beboard when the line snapped, being bitten through by the shark. Just think of it, however, pulling a shark in 280 feet on a log line, and he did not bite it through until within twenty feet of the taffrail. Of course, by losing the shark we also lost the propeller but it must have been pretty hard fare to digest, and his inside must have been pretty

sore from the strain. The funniest part of the thing was the action of the register. When the weight of the shark get onto the line the blamed register showed a speed of sixty miles an hour with only a six knot breeze. Well, sir, when the mate looked at the register first and then at the sails, he nearly fainted. It was not for several seconds that he realized there was so much dead weight on the line. - San Fran-

He Squelched the Young M. D.

For many years he had been the soladis pensor of pills in town, but in the height of his fame a rival in the shape of an turn fledgling from a medical school appeared or the scene. The young chap had just receive his diploma and was one of those perambu "Modest," he school; "why, of course it's latory encyclopadisa of universal knowledge modest, but it is an awful hard way to ride, that one often sees in these days of liberal

The old doctor paid no attention to the young aspirant for medical fame. One day his preponderosity of knowledge. He ac cordingly began to rattle off Latin phrases and French idioms in a manner that startled the old man.

Yes," mused the old doctor, meditatively, as he rubbed his chin, "that's so, that's so, But what do you think of a cataphasm for "A-a what?" ejaculated the new doctor,

mpletely dumfounded.
"A cataplasm," was the reply. "Well, I am not familiar with that mode of treatment, though I we seen it advertised.

something new, fan't it?" Newf Great heavens, no," exclaimed the "New! Great neavers, no. old physician, theroughly enjoying the joke old physician, theroughly enjoying the joke. "A cataplasm means simply a positica always has meant a poultice and probably

The young doctor straightway subsided .-

The Misery of Happiness. What is a pessimist, my son! Well, if the pring opened unusually early, and there was an increase of 25 per cent, in the acreace of cereals sown, and the weather was so near perfection all summer that mobody cared to ield that fairly lifted the roof off the barn prices have gone down 19 and wages increased cont., the national debt paid, taxes reced, Suturday made a legal holiday and ten hours' pay for eight hours' work lished by constitutional amendment, all the the prisons said to the hotel trust-if in the across a man sitting on a fire ping on a windy because all this prosperity is sot to develop masses—hob a possimist. "And what is your duty as a Christian man to such a sorrowful brother?" Kall bim, my son, kill him, Don't having a good time, and he won't last two hours.-Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn

portor Is Vividly Described. Reporter (briefly whipping out notebe Well, uncle, is it true that this is your 100th Centenarian—It is, young man.
"How many years have you been chewing tobacco, Uncleft"

"Never chawed it at all." (Somewhat taken aback)-"How many years have you smoked?" Never smoked in my life."

(Visibly weakening)—"Been addicted to the constonal use of alcoholic stimulants, I pre-Never drank anything stronger than (Much agitated)-"Ever see George Wash-

ington!" "Vote for Jefferson or Adams?"

-Chicago Tribuna.

walk ten miles? "Never tried to walk ten miles in my life." (In a gasping whisper)—"How quickly can you saw a cord of wood?" Haven't sawed a stick of wood since I was

Newspaper Scrap Books. Years ago, when a poor schoolma'm, an not able to buy pictures and story books for the little ones at home, I saved with a miser's mre the fined and best of these that came in my way, put them in small books with pretty

pictures on the covers, and made little eyes and little ears glad for many a lonely hour when "mither was awa"," Then I began to save little clippings to read to my pupils; postry to lend to those scholars who never could find a "piece to speak," so my scrap books grew, if not into "things of beauty," at least into never failing joys. I have generally three books at a time in the process of being filled; one for "news-

paper poetry"-and where will you find sweeter, purer or better!-one for stories and one for biography and miscellany.

I think my collection of poetry cannot be surpassed by any publication of "gems" or "collections." As books of reference, my scrap books are unequaled, and are often a sure source when libraries fail.

No topic is untouched in them, and it is a common remark with my friends when my serup book is brought forth to clinch an ar-gument: "We might as well give up-Mrs B.'s scrap book always settles it."

Best of all, there is not a single impure word or joke, no lengthened accounts of scan dal and murder, and they are a liberal educa tion upon all the topics of this wonderful age in which we are living.-Cleveland Leader.

A Magnetic Trick Investigated. At frequently recurring intervals the daily press make announcements of the alleged wonderful "magnetic" qualities exhibited by certain individuals who are able to make various substances adhere to their hands without exercing any muscular pressure upon them. An investigation has been recently made by Dr. W. Simon, of Baltimore, which proves pretty conclusively that causes other than magnetism must be assigned to the ob-

The subject examined was able to maintain, by mere contact with the fingers, a took to its becaused ran home.-Atlanta Conweight of 2,500 grams, but it was shown that stitution. this power was exercised only on very smooth or highly polished substances, glass being the most favorable in this respect. The cause asrect one, is the well known adhesion between two bodies brought into such close contact as to exclude the air between them, the pressure of the atmosphere acting to maintain the question of the smoothness of the skin which oild appear to be the qualification necespart to enable any one to manifest "magnetic" properties - New Orleans Picayune,

The Paris trade in glasseyes must be a very rich one, for every week there are nearly a thousand enamel eyes made in Paris. manufacturers generally select a one eved deficient with one of the best articles of their

manufacture. When a client, a little frightened, perhaps, at the prospect of an operation, besitates about confiding an eyelid to the instruments of the operator, the latter rings a bell and Jean Polyphenius maires his unpearance

"What do you think of this fellow?" sake the operator of his client. "Study his features, and tell me frunkly what you to "He looks well enough," answers the other,

"Well, Jean, reveal your secreat to this gentleman. Whereupon Jean introduces a knitting needle under his eyelid, removes his eye, and

places it in the hand of the estonished spectator as unconcernedly as though it were a shirt stud. - Cantter.

A Horse Story. A very good and true story is reported with Professor Marsh to the title role. walking on Prospect street near his home not long ago he remarked a horse attached to a dilapidated ash wagon, driven by an aged negro, which animal laid on its leg a quest bene foruntion. The professor stopped the team, made a cursory examination of the protuberance, and concluded the interview by saying in a saif joving way that when the borse died he would like that leg for scientific examination, and would give \$5 for the same doliverd to his house. A couple of hours later, on his return home, he found a long, awkward hundle at his front door on the veranda, and it required no careful examination to reveal the log of a horse. "You see, sah," the owner of the ash wagno remarked, with a peruliar look in his eye, "de old horse he died."-New Haven Paliadium,

A Husband's Compliment. They were visitors for a few days at a country house, and on being shown into their room the lady, who was nearer 40 years of age than 50, prepared to take off her bonnet. Now, he it observed that looking glasses vary much in quality; some distort and some flat ter the constantance.

These different qualities in glass making are no new things, for we may remember that when Queen Elizabeth was dying she asked for a true glass, into which she had not allowed bernelf to look for tweaty years. The glass that was on the dressing table on ful one-that is to say, a "flattering" oneand as the lady saw berself reflected in it she merrily exciained. "Ch, what a charming glass! I look about 18 in 12." "It is just like my eyes then," the ausband promptly

(Faintly)—"How long does it take you to replied —Common Teleman. Mrs. Orville Boro-Is your mamma is: you know I wrote to her, and I'm on the

minute!
Sweet Child-Nobul but she left a message. a boy. Here, somebody! Bring me a disper Oh, there, I've forgother it and restli have of water! Her knoled over in a dend faint?" to wait while I go up and sak her what it THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO.,

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Thrilling Adventure of the Pig. Mr. Enoch W. Jordan, a preminent farmer of Albany, Ga., tells the following smalls exacessestery: He was walking over his plantacion octawas when he came to a sow which had a fine litter of pigs. He found one of them about. Going a short distance further be overtook a huge rattlessade, which he promptly dispatched. He noticed that it seemed very large, and was apparently gorged. Cutting it open, out jumped the missing pig, which, as soon as released from its close quarters,

Cleaning Sidewalks in Canada. A gentleman from Ottawa was speaking of the system of cleaning sedewalks by that city. The proprietors of lots or buildings are charged a lax of two cents per foot fromlage, making a saxty foot lot cust only \$1.20 a year for keeping the sidewalk clear of snow and ice. The city sublets the contract to different contractors for different wards, and the city makes about one-quarter of a cent a foot profit. The system has worked very sutto-

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Bessle-Give me a piece of your orange, Tommy-Naw. Bessie-Well, I am going to be sick to-mor row, and mamma will get me oranges. And

I won't give you any. - Yankee Blade

Just Like Him. "Too bad about Hedge Podge, the play wright, attempting sciolds; tried to cut hi

St. Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo "It's just like him, though. The critics tell or that he is all the time doing comething in his best vern."-New York Warld. Properly Punished.

"Waiter," mid the emert young man, push-ing his piete away from him, "you may bring me a glass of aqua pure to wind up with."

The waiter, who had roused on Boster Common to the guilden days of his boyleood brought a glass of water to the smart young man and changed the figures on his check

"Articles not down on the bill of fare charged extra, dr," he said.-Chicago Tri-



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